The Xenin Sentinel,

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Lost-Somebody's Child.

BY THOMAS MACRELLAS. Samabady's child is lost to-night! I hear the bellman ring; And the earth is fream hard and white, And the wind loss a sipping sting: I know my habes are long abed, A tender, motherly hand . Laying a blessing on every head After their evening prayers were said-Ged keep the slumbering hand ! Yet somebody's shill is lost, I say, This night so hittorly cold, Some imposent lamb has gone astray Unwittingly from its fold.

Bellman! he, bellman, whose child is lost? And I grasp my staff and cloak; But the ringer over the wold had cross'd. Before I tardlly spoke. The neighbors soon guther, and far and near We pry into ditch and fee, Till, listk! an answering shout I hear

The rover is found again. Alt! mother, food mother, your heart is light With Jos to your bosom bound: But many a child is lost to-night Who'll never, no, never be found.

Ay! somebody's child is lost to-night, While the wind is high and hourse, And the sendding ship like a bird a-fright Flies shivering on its course. The suddenly drops in the yawning deep As never to return ; She leaps atop the watery steep,

A-creaking from stem to stern. Hold well, good bark! for a score of fives Comprise thy conflicat freight; Else loving mothers, and maids, and wives Will evel be desolate. nd well she holds, with a single call Outspread to guide her way,

While all the furies of the gale Around her bulwarks play. The miler-boy, with a fearful heart, Sighs for his distant home, And the hasty tears from his evelids start. And drop in the bring foam. In the months agone a father sigh'd,

And a mother trembled with fours; But that father's law had be defied; And he scorn'd that mother's tours. The pittless blact now macks his grief, And a huge and hungry wave Bears him away beyond relief, To the douths of an ocean grave,

The brand is blazing upon the hearth, The work of the day is done, And the father's beart runs over the earth In search of the wandering son. "Oh I where is our possibly to-night-This night so blesk and wild ?" The mother shuts her eyes to the light,

And inly prays for ber child.

The busy needles all coase their flight, While their hearts say, "Where is he?" They dream not be has sunken from sight, Down, down, down in the sen. The mother may pray, and she may weep Till she weep her life away, But never more will she find the sheep That wilfully went artray.

Somebody's child is lost to-night! Oh! surrow is on the day. When a virgin's fame is marr'd with blight That can not be cleaned away, An bumbled family sit in the gloom,

Bemoaning their hopeless shame-Would that she were safe in the tomb With honor upon her name! While decked in garments of satin and sin,

The fallen daughter, I ween, Is scorch'd with a fever of heart within, Though reigning as wanton queen. O, merelful Father! Is this the child Thy hand created to fair, With eyes where simple innocence smiled,

And coy and maldenly are Is this the promiting marning flower, The brighted it rivals among? Is this the bird that sang in the bower With sweetest and merriest tongue ? Ab me! this coffd is more than lost;

For her low-fallon form, On sin's voluptuous surges tost, -Will perish in passion's storm, And the mother may sigh, and she may weep Till she weep her life away, But payer more will she find the sheep

That wickedly went astray. Bome body's shild is lost to-night-A widow's only son, With brow as light and nye as bright As you ever looked upon.

" And he will be my staff and stay -". Her words were luly spoken "When I am old, and my halr is gray; And my natural strength is broken." Her motherly soul with pride o'erran As the lad grew up to the estate of man, And she said, in her joy,

That nobody's boy Could maleh her paragon by a span. Time stale along, and for looks were gray, But her heart had lost its pride; For the man had wander'd so far astray, 'Twere better her boy had died A logithsome, vile, and gibbering thing, Sample by the fatal still-morm's sting, Despited of man, contaming God, And granbing at the avenging red. Wherewith his passions soonged him sore, Till, fainting, he could feel no more,-Alt! somebody's child was lost in him

The wassail cup, And sipp'd perdition from its brim. Then in his manhood died, And the beautiful boy Of his mother's pride-Spill'd in the sand the cup of her joy, Instead, she quaff'd

A wormwood draught, A sorsly-muitten woman; Yet loved the still, Through every ill, The child so sourcely human In weariness and watching often, Unmarmuringly her grief she hore, Until unwrant in shroud or coffic, Her son lay dead before her door.

Her sorrows had come so thick and fast They cluster'd round her everywhere, Till, reason utterly overenst, The darkness hid away her care. Yet ofttimes would she ask for one Long gone from home, her beautiful son; And while she chided his long dalay, She would aigh, and whimper, and pray. That mother will sigh, and she will weep Till she weep her life away ; But never more will she find the sheep

That wickedly went astray.

So many children are languight That I, even I, contracep As I hear the breathings, soft and light, From the crib where Tommy's asleep, And I strain my vision to pierce the clouds That hang over years to come; But utter darkness the future shrouds." And the tongue of the seer is doub. So I lay them down in the bosom of grace, The children whom God has given,

[Written for the Sentinel]

Trusting he'll bring them to see his face,

The face of our Lord in heaven.

BY JENNIE CAULPIELD.

[Continued.] sometimes was quite reconciled and proud. pressed good will of others.

my eyes ached to rest for a moment upon bestow applause and congratulations; I and then the sight of the medicine vials buried my throbbing brow upon my upon her work-stand and the mantel-piece; the words her's devoured. But we were clenched hands, and hoped the Sangel brought it all back to me. mutually silent respecting their contents. within might soon break the prison. I had a tedious convalescence, and albut, in time, it became quite easy; custom part with my mother. I implored Him day and night I felt the need of the little the other 33. can soften down the hardest difficulty. The events of my life came, recalled like pale hand at rest beneath the coffin-lid, tor, the powder maker, the well digger,

come-yes, that it had come; for we did passed away forever. tendance was dismissed. My handsome ness, clothed in light.

not render me capable of the proper care my brow. Sitting out in the darkness with flowers. promise of purchased assistance in the and the tendrils of ma heart bleeding at said it to myself over, and over, as a child | dead! she is dead!" cons her lesson, and as my mother slept tranquilly, I persisted in being left alone and their kind hearts most reluctantly gratified—I was going to say my wish. but looking back through the dim vista of years, perhaps because of the distance, perhaps because of a brighter experience in sincere friendship, I substitute the word-pride. It was quite late now. The night was sultry, not a breath of air I endured this sorrow silently. I gave seemed to stir the cussins of the window assiduous attentions to my studies, and I at which I sat. I leaned out to look down the forsaken street. The few and solitary pedestrians always went by. I can not

genius made it a sweetly flowing melody? ture. No comfort. Life seemed a dreary waste without an oasis, a soul's Sahara.

real pleasure was centered in her, and that sive and indifferent. I had endured the on an average under the age of 35. Commencement broke in upon us. We with her, a beauty from nature, all glory very worst. But it was only through the . The cutler, the dydr, the leather dresser, the valedictory, and if you thick I am proud and foolish about it, you are right. The streets. Carriages of all sizes and desart mute with throbbing hearts and tear his body at 40. The editor knecks him-last year, you reflect down two little I am. It was the most unlooked-for mark pave. The mingling echoes of footsteps less eyes. of esteem ever shown to me, and I was so near and distant, and the greeting of We took our last drive through West- Then come trades that are active or in a

guish and the utter hopolessness of my de- my admiring eyes, and bid me guess who ceedingly. Mrs. Wilson afterward said she was so glad to give place to any interest I felt just seek the proffered home, and experience live to the ripe old age of 64. that I had been so self-possessed, and Ma- then. "Have you forgotton Mr. As- a change of scene remote from surround-

and my mother, prostrated by extreme from me, and hastened to lift her. She left me to my self-communion, only that I torture and nervous tension, sank into a sank back in my arms insensible, and felt her eyes were ever gazing sadly, and sweet slumber. I sat alone. I would not blood oozed through her clammy lips. the mute caress of her hand reminding permit strangers to watch with me. I felt She had ruptured a blood vessel. I can me that she was still beside and with me, then, more than I had ever before, that we not tell you what time elapsed before her and to which I was so susceptible.

were alone—we were apart from all with death, but she never spoke to me again—

We had not determined upon any parwhom we mingled. I was so sadly sensi-ble of our having no claim—that is, no love that even in death was deathless. we had not consulted together, although rightful claim-upon the kindness of those And the mystery that had been in my life Clara wished to do that which was best who surrounded me, and the love of could never be made known to me. The for my happiness, I am sure; and her's strangers was a cultivated sympathy, a knowledge came to me like a dull pain, was not one of those rebellious natures love kindred to pity. No, I could not apart from my intense agony, that the histart will not brook just punishment, qualitake it as such, and I wrapped me in my tory of her wrongs had died with her. the reminder of the infliction, so that the cheurless isolation, and crushed the years. She might never be avenged. The busing in my woman's heart. I felt, too, the might never be avenged. The busing in my woman's heart. I felt, too, the might never be avenged. The business isolation and crushed the gates of that I would need assistance, for the most that frightened inquiry and the rushing into the carriage way, and the gates of the carriage way. flattering hopes could not deceive me. I stop gave place to the soft tread, and low the cemetery closing behind us. I cried had watched my mother's failing health whisper, and stifled sob. The physician, passionatelytoo long, and her cough had come with the who had been recalled, came. I know not "Clara, Clara, let me not look upon falling of the leaf for the past two years through what instinct I turned toward him that grave—let me not carry the remem—such a terrible warning to me. It was even then. They were all weeping. I the only voice that spoke of her suffering sat celd, and stiff, and motionless, with -she never complained. And her face my face turned toward the wall. The were soon without the gates, where the and was full perpendicular. On its barefooted, and were, in lieu of a coat, a had wern a new expression that others who hand I held lay cold in mine, and unre-driver had orders to stop again. I felt surface were four kinds of lichen rusty looking husting shirt. With hair loved her and myself had seen, but would sponsive. Clara whispered "she is gone," that it was in order that I might reflect, growing-from that whose leaf was unkempt, beard unshorn, and face unnot acknowledge it even to ourselves; it and I heard some one repeat it. They and I had an unequal contest with myself. very small, to the last which was quite washed, his appearance was grotesque was as though each day she had, in coming spoke hopefully, it seemed to me then, as Clara was the first to speak closer to the white throne, caught some- if she had gone to the mansions of the . "Darling, would you not like to leave thing of the glory of the presence, and blessed for a little time, and would return, some command for the keeper?" that, in approaching the portal of the I felt that the last loved one had passed "Oh, Clarad" I burst forth again, "I "perfect day," im light had fallen upon beyond, and heaven's gates had closed to can not look upon that spot ever; it would

> 0 \$5 W trial lens all? CHAPTER IV: 22 C

THE SHLVER LINING OF THE CLOUDS. and days of intense suffering, and a vague esy of resurrected + joy, would lift its misery beyond-a darkened room, and bright face to me; and cheer me when her But there were moments, the swift little account for my expecting some one, but I bright-winged moments, of memory that did. I was continually looking out into its gloom. And sometimes I heard far-off sent for the keeper, and I settled upon as rush in upon us, taking us all unawares, the night, and waiting for the swift footand painting vividly their pixtures, that, fall to stop suddenly, but I was always distoneurs. At times I passed from this slender means (for I was very poor), and however they may belong to the past now, appointed. And whom I looked for, or dark room and its mysterious shadows and exacted from him a binding promise why, remains as great a mystery to me at stifling air to the shade and solitude of that he would attend to our lot in the you are we love them because that they once be- the present time. Ever and anon I caught grand forests, and murmuring brooks, and spring. Then we drove silently homefices that wers made for us; and perhaps the grounds of the college building, and it sweet, and, doubtless, acceptable praise to that was my treasure-house; and, in other fices that were made for us; and perhaps a mere word, this spoken, a loving smile, a wordless act, it matters not. Do you know that exquisite little poem, "Even Me," was an unwritten medic in the hearts of numbers before its gifted author worded it so happily, and the quickening truth of genius made it a sweetly flowing melody?

The grounds of the college building, and it is does then I carried an insupportable weight at my heart, and a fear that some approaching, unavoidable evil that remained to might be made for me any day—the rest shalow; it became part of myself. Again I roamed in foreign lands—to-day in Venice, to-morrow in Rome, and then I carried an insupportable weight at my heart, and a fear that was my treasure-house; and, doubtless, acceptable praise to God. But even then I carried an insupportable weight at my heart, and a fear that was my treasure-house; and, in other years, my weaty heart used to turn with fond yearing to the little green bed that might be made for me any day—the rest that remaineth—the peace that passeth understanding.

I roamed in foreign lands—to-day in Venice, to-morrow in Rome, and then the college building, and it is does not the control of the same part of myself. Again I roamed in foreign lands—to-day in Venice, to-morrow in Rome, and then the college bed that my heart, and a fear that was my treasure-house; and, doubtless, acceptable result and the made for me any day—the rest might be easier that was my treasure-house; and, in other than I carried an insupport of the same part of the same part of my part of the same now in Baltimore-and still this inexplica-Well, atrive as I would, some remembrance Looking at it from this Commencement it ble mystery haunted me. I was continof kindness he had performed would come was like standing upon a dreary shore, ually missing something; searching for back from the dead past and touch me, where base the black waters of a dead sea an unattainable object that seemed to be and I was always contrasting other friend- crept and lay motionless. I contrasted in the very air about me, and still invisithe day and the night. It was so opposed, ble. I came gradually back to the more ships, and sensible of a lack in the cx- to the rosy flush of a dawn that pervaded thorough consciousness of my sorrow. the day, when the faligue of examinations When I awoke, as I said, Clara's pale When Clara received letters with a for- creditably passed, was over, and acquaint- face was bending over me, and she told eign post-mark, my heart throbbed so, and snees and strangers pressed about me to me that I had been very ill of a fever,

from the Seasons, an indwelling spirit of will of God that I was restored to health. the apothecary, the confectioner, the cigar were rather frightened that it had surely delight, a glittering from earth would have Clara was with me always in our short maker, the printer, the silversmith, the walks, and, what were to me, fatiguing painter, the shoe cutter, the engraver and not seem to have advanced toward it, step | The band played a low, plaintive sir. drives. We never broached that one sub- the machinist, all of whom lead confined to have our home here, to cling to it, by step. Then I had been elected to read that broke upon the startled atmosphere ject, nor when in the familiar room so preg- lives in an unwholesome afmosphere, none the valedictory, and if you think I am like a benediction. There was a stir in mant with associations. We speak of other of them reach the average age of 40.

exultant that she and I wrote, night after voices, at the very door below, roused me. ville on one of the closing days of October, purer air. The baker lives to the average night, in succession, regardless of fatigue, My mother moased softly in her sleep. I when the fading glory autumn lay in reage of 43, the butcher to 49, the bricking and wasted a quantity of the "gilt-edged" approached ber bedside, but there was splendent gorgeousness upon the land, ker to 47, the carpenter to 49, the furnace nothing my impatient hands could do. I and the air seemed inspired by the pres- man to 42, the mason to 48, the stone cutto a sinful degree. I was so preceeding must wait God's time. How the prompt- ence of angels, as it rose in a golden ter to 43, the tanner to 49, the tinsmith to that my toilet was left out of mind entirely, lings of our poor miserable human loves haze above the landscape, which met 41, the weaver to 44, the drover to 40, the soil is worn out and the wheat needs affection may be frequently arrested by a but my mother and Mrs. Wilson came to shrink back paralyzed in such seasons my vision from the carriage win- cook to 45, the in-keeper to 46, the laborer new. The Nile thus carries down litthe rescue. Mrs. W. herself presented me with a bandsome white setin for the would be fived in a last smile and the makes Egypt so fruitful."

While I stood waiting the first command dow. We drank in the beauties of the domestic servant (female) to 43. the particles from the mountains and that might be given by the lips that possible seems with mingled sadness and The tailor lives to 43, the tailoress to 41. makes Egypt so fruitful." with a bandsome white setin for the hly would be fixed in a last smile ere long. pleasure. I can not tell you the sweet Why should the barber live till 50, if not "Oh, mother, how often can I gnaw occasion, otherwise my mother's, and my the merry laughter in the hall below memories that throughed to show the virtue there is in personal off rock enough to raise a kernel of by those who are liable to do so from slight own choice would have been simple white grated upon my trained ears. I turned brain. I knew to-morrow new scenes neatness in scap and water? muslin, which, to say the least, was more away to pace the floor, and in doing so, would greet me; that I was closing this Those who average over a half a century suitable to my station. But Mrs. Wilson was not to be opposed, and, as my mother the me, and her bead fell upon my shoulder. We went and pain, but set in such sweet rhyme, crate exercise, and are not troubled with was quite indisposed on the evening of the together over our grief. Did I say our and even numbers, that it was pleasant to weighty cares. The blacksmith hammers wheat exhibition, she insisted upon superintend- grief? Well, let it remain so. Clara, to peruse; but I had no thought, no plan till 51, the cooper till 59, the builder till den disappointment. My mother became stone rolling away from the heart's sepul- ered my incapacity to bear the brunt of wholesale and retail till 52, alarmingly worse. The carriage in at- cher, and angels sitting within the dark- the battle awaiting me beyond to-mor- Professional men live longer than is dress and new jewelry (even my gradu- "Clara," I said, "thank you for com- Pardoe's theory to the contrary, had re- sometimes, but seldom lawyers, for they ating ring) and the flowers in my bair ing;" that was all. She never knew the solved that a year of rest in her home average 55. Physicians provetheir usefulwere thrown away for an apparel more be- rest; it remained with God. "Darling, would be the only beneficial thing for me. ness by prolonging their own lives to the room. I had no time for thought. I was touched me beyond any other expression. was readily given, and still, if she had sumed, enjoy a greater mental screnity tie, yet that little will do good of quite beside myself, giving orders and Then we put our tears by and looked away advised my departure to Cape Palmos, I than others, last till 65. countermanding them, and confusing the to mocking brightness. She told me all would have overlooked her packing of slarmed household, until the physician, about the exhibition, and I listened with my wardrobe with as little interest, if I stead of dangerous, to be actually conduc- did not stop thinking. What would more for this than any other act of my who had been summoned, came. It was partial eagerness. Then she slipped away were assured that she would accompany hard, hard to witness the suffering of my from my side, and out of the room, return- me. A kind letter from her father, writmother, and fear that it was not within the ling in a moment with a most beautiful ten, doubtless, at her suggestion, in which lor averages 43, the caulker 64, the sail reach of human hands to save her. I can boquet of moss rose-bads and geranium he called me her younger daughter, and makes 52, the stevedore 57, the ferry man not picture to you the intensity of my an- leaves, and with a smile she held it before | bade me "come home," touched me ex- 65, and the pilot 64.

rion said I had shown myself to be exactly bury?" she asked. It was so sudden to ings that could remind me of what had and "gentlemen" 68. The only two what she had predicted of me-s solfish, me that I bent down to it closely, and a been. I sat with my face turned from classes that do nothing for themselves, and grant hush stole over me. Just then we Clara, silently imbibing the pleasures of live on their neighbors, outlast all the rest. An hour from the time of her attack, were startled by my mother having a vio- the view, while Clara, with the womanly Why should they wear out, when they are

me forever. Sitting out in the darkness haunt me to the day of my death, and I I was afraid that even my love could as if the mark of the cursed were upon can not bear the mockery of dressing it

new to feel this was my only right. I my soul I cried out in agony, "She is tionate care, and that if, by any possibility we could have foreseen that this time could through any chance, fall upon us that "the one should be taken and the other left," it might have been her expressed wish that flowers, in which the years old yet" impression of God's hand, more perfectly than, perhaps, in any other of His works, has been ranewed yearly since those first creations in the Eden, that flowers, above any other love-offering, should bloom there; THERE months after I awakened from and I am confident it would have been among themselves. I felt sure that distinct impression of some sleepless nights, of life, a remembrance of hope, a proph-

"Ripe Old Age."

be expected, perhaps, is the railway brake- Here I have clung and been trying to man. His average age is only 27. Yet gnaw into this rock for eighty years, this must be taken with some allowance, and have not yet got my roots in half and serve men are employed in the capacity. At the same age dies the factory workwantin, through the combined influence of live for? confined mir, sedendalary posture, sount wages, unrewritting toil.

Then comes the railway, has gageman who is smashed on an avalue, at 30

The engineer, the firemen, the conduc- ny New faces, new friends, different surround- those of a drowning person are said to be, whose clasp I had lost forever. I made and the factory operative, all of whom are mountain is solid rock. If it was all be did successfully? ings and various necessary eccupations, and I found that all happiness, all joy, all no struggle for or against life; I was pas- exposed to sudden and violent deaths, die

self into pi at the same age.

row's threshold, and, in spite of Miss generally supposed. Litigation kills clients

Scafaring life and its adjuncts, seem, inthat the shipwright lives till 56. The sai- been there ?- [Rev. John Todd.

spair; it was beyond the expression of our had sent it. I made several vain endeav- Weak and dejected to a state of utter "Maine Law" men may consider incom- fly why the miles were so long, when pour words. I was dumb with misery, ors, more to beguile her to smiling than depression, I was grateful and relieved to preleasible is, that browers and distillers the Hibernian replied, "You see, your

Last and longest-lived come paupers 67, amalleviating opiate had been administered, lent fit of coughing. I flung the flowers to t that had marked her bearing of late, always idle? - Scientific American.

Life of Man.

Like the falling of a star, Or as the flight of eagles are; Or like the fresh spring's gandy hue, Or silver drops of memory dew; Or like a wind that chafes the flood, Or bubbles which on waters stood; E'en such is man, whose socrowed light, Is straight called in and paid to-night, The wind blows out; the bubble dies; The Spring entombed in Autumn Hes; The dew dries up, the star is shot; The flight is past-and man forgot.

Talk of the Lichen on the Rock.

Far up the side of the mountain coarse and large. We sometimes see such lichen on an old fence, an old tree, or an old house. The face of the huge or an old-house. The face of the huge fortable smoke. rock was almost covered with it. As I sat down under the shadow of the of bestarred and bespangled borseman. far up the rock, calling out,

"Mother, how old am I?" "Why, my child, you have but just begun to live. You are only eight general. "And how old are you?"

"I call myself young, for I am only five hundred and twenty years old." "I now listened with all my ears, for I know it was the lichen talking

borrible dream, as it were, with an in- her generous thought that something full they-would say more, and I took out my pencil to put down what they would say. Pretty soon I heard the same little voice say,

"Mother, nin't you discouraged?"
"Discouraged! at what, pray?" "At your size! Five hundred and twenty years old, and how very small

"Not so small, either! I cover six forged to us; it may be a lifetime of sacri- the distant music of the band playing in fragrant wild flowers, and birds chanting ward, or rather away from my home, for inches square already, while there's my poor grandmother, almost eleven only five inches, even; now! Very to stand a fair chance with other folks. few, I am happy to say, of the waz to git my life insured, so I kalled on lichen family, who have worked harder the agent of the " Garden Angel Life Inor accomplished more than I have,

> though I do say it myself." cling to this great rock, and hang head, an az pretty a little belly on him as here summer and winter, amid storms, as enny man ever owned: The men that die youngest, as might and cold, and winds beating upon us? from the fact that hardly any but young an inch. What's the use? We might you hav more than one at a time? as well die and drop off. Nobody would miss us or care. What do we

"To raise wheat."

" Raise WHAT?" " Raise wheat, to be sure."

I was true to the very letter of my prom-ise to my mother. This was hard at first, prayed that God would let me de-Clara, were untiring in their care of me, longer. The average of the one is 32, and We lichen away up here, on this cold rock, raise wheat! If that ain't fun- If yu do, state it.

> to gnaw it, and with a kind of acid we have, to crumble and dissolve it. smiles.

wheat?

"Perhaps once in thirty years." what you dig out this year raise grease affords.—En Post.]

ing my toilet herself. And I confess, sincere hearts like thine, a friends' sorrow beyond. All ambition, all energy, all 52, the shipwright till 56, the wheelwright God sees that there will be old men ladian language, "Here we rest." A when I beheld my transfiguration in an opposite mirror, mine was as vain and sather. Our grief, God bless youthful speculation and expectation were with the age of 61. The ropemaker lengthand little children upon earth then, story is told of a tribe of Indians who opposite mirror, mine was as vain and sather. Our grief, God bless youthful speculation and expectation were with the age of 61. The ropemaker lengthand they will want bread, and so He isfied a heart as was ever doomed to sud- God's mercy overshadowing us. The and precocious forethought, had discovers the Merchants has created us and placed us here to less wilderness of the Northwest. Weary prepare soil, and get His rock ready and travel-worn they reached a noble river to raise wheat. Thus he goes before, The chief of the tribe struck his tent-pole and provides, and makes even the in the ground, and exclaimed, "Alabama poor lichen useful; and if we do our __Alabama!" Here we shall rest_here duty, His smile will cheer us, and we shall rest. coming to the night watch in the sick darling," was her only response, and it My acquiescence to her agreeable plans same period. Clergymen, who, it is pre- though we can do but little, a very lit-

tive to longevity. We have already seen my young reader have thought had he admin stration."-[Andrew Jackson.

A pedestrian traveling in Ireland Abraham Lincoln. A dispensation of Providence that met a man, and asked him rather gruf-Honor, the roads are not in very good condition, so we give very good meas- as little water as possible, so that it will

> It is better to be ready and not go cream or milk, thickened with a little than go and not be ready.

Bragg and His High Private.

The following incident was related to a Union man in Shelbyville, Tennessee, by Major. Hunter, of the Confederate army, who formerly resided in Shelbyville, but who latterly resided some twenty miles from Helens, Arkansas. The Major was fond of the story, and often repeated it:

While Bragg's troops were on their re-treat from Murfreesboro, ragged, hungry and weary, they straggled along the rand for miles, with an eye to their own comfort, but a most unmilitary neglect of rules and regulations. Presently one of them espied, in the woods near by, a miserable, brokendown mule, which he at once seized and proceeded to put to his use, by improvising, from stray pieces of rope, a halter and stir-

While thus sauntering along, a company nountain, waiting for my friend, I gaz- General Bragg and his staff-rode up, and ed at the lichen, and began to wonder were about to pass on, when the rather unshe would need, and had obtained the with my idel to:n from my clinging grasp, But, as she ordered the driver to pro- in my mind what it was created for, usual appearance of the man attracted their eeed, it struck me that she had loved and of what use it could be, when I notice. The object of their attention, how-It made me feel sorrowful every pore, from the innermost depth of flowers, and ever tended them with affect seemed to hear a small crispy voice, ever, apparently neither knew nor cared to know them, but looked and smoked ahead with careless indifference.

"Who are you?" naked the major

"Nobody," was the answer. I would To

Where did you come from?" Nowhere.

"Where are you going?"
"I don't know."

"Where do you belong?" Don't belong anywhere."

"Don't you belong to Bragg's army?" Bragg'sarmy! Bragg'sarmy?" replied the chap. "Why, he's got no army. One balf of it he shot in Kentucky, and the other half has just been whipped to death at Murfreesbor

Bragg asked no more questions, but turned and spurred away.

Josh Billings Insures His Life.

The Poughkeepsian has the following: I kum to the conclusion lately, that dred years old, and she covers life was so onsartin, the only wa for me surance Co.," and answered the following questions, which was put to me over the Well, mother, of what use is it to little fat old feller, with a little round gray

QUESTIONS.

1st-Are yu mail or femail? If so, state bow long yu been so. 2d-Are yu subject to fits, and if so, do

3d-What is your precise fiting waight? 4th-Did yu ever hav any ancesters,

and if so, how much? 5th-What iz yure legal opinion ov the constitutionality of the 10 commandments? 6th-Du yu ever hav enny nite mares?

7th-Are yu married and single, or are yu a batchelor? Sth-Du yu believe in a fature state?

9th-What are your private sentiments " Listen, my child. This huge about a rush ov rats to the head; can it

pounded up fine it would make soil on 10th-Hav yu ever committed suicide which men would raise wheat. But it and if so, how did it seem to affect you? is now very hard, and there is nothing After answering the above questions, to pound it and turn it into powder. like a man in confirmatif, the slick little And so God has created us, the lichen, fat old feller with gold speeks on, ced I was insured for life, and properly wad remain so for a term of years. I thanked him, and smiled one ov my most pensive

FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD. Just now grains of the rock? Well, every grain when rain and sunshine, warm weather and we make falls down, then the rains frost, succeed so rapidly, any addition to wash it into the little brook, and the the stock of household knowledge on the brook carries it into the river, and the subject of curing a cold in the head can river raises it up, and as it overflows not but be acceptable. A Belgian physiits bank, drops it just where the old cian, M. Fan, tells us that this troublesome ilar rubbing, practised two or three times a week, will prevent the "entching" of cold causes .- [Greasing the hair immediately upon taking cold, will often aid a cure very "Oh! what slow work! When will much by the protection and warmth the

"Perhaps five hundred years hence. "ALABAMA" is said to signify, in the

" Ir poster ly condemn me, it will be because I did not bung John C. Calhoun The lichen stopped talking, but I as a traiter. They may condemn me "I think the time not unlikely to come when I shall be blamed for having made too few arrests rather than too many."-

> BREAKFAST POTATORS.-Pare and wash the potators. Out them in pieces one-third of an inch in thickness; boil in nearly all be evaporated in cooling. When done, add a small quantity of sweet